The day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keep the field.
Hera. The day is yours.
Kin. Praiſed be God therefore.
What Caſtle call you that?
Hera. We call it *Agincourt.*
Kin. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt.*
Fought on the day of *Cryſpin, Cryſpin.*
Flew. Your grandfather of famous memorie,
If your grace be remembred,
Is do good ſeruice in *France.*
Kin. Tis true *Flewellen.*
Flew. Your Maieſtie ſayes verie true.
And it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
The Wealchmen there was do good ſeruice,
In a garden where Leekes did grow.
And I thinke your Maieſtie wil take no ſcorne,
To weare a Leake in your cap vpon S. *Danies* day.
Kin. No *Flewellen,* for I am wealch as well as you.
Flew. All the water in *VVye* wil not waſh your wealch
Blood out of you, God keep it, and preſerue it,
To his graces will and pleaſure.
Kin. Thankes good countryman.
Flew. By Ieſus I am your Maieſties countryman:
I care not who know it, ſo long as your maieſty is an honeſt man.
K. God keep me ſo. Our Herald go with him,
And bring vs the number of the ſcattred French.

Exit Heralds.

Call yonder ſouldier hither.
Flew. You fellow come to the king.
Kin. Fellow why dooſt thou weare that gloue in thy hat?
Soul. And pleaſe your maieſtie, tis a raſcals that ſwagard
With me the other day: and he hath one of mine,
Which if euer I ſee, I haue ſworne to ſtrike him.

So